

## TOO MUCH DOG IN RUTHERFORD.

Hence the Great Case of  
Johnson vs. Thomson  
Is Tried at Twilight.

Also Accountable for Justice Hay-  
wood's Profound Ruling  
on Tumults.

Responsible, Too, for the Union of  
Plaintiff, Attorney, and Dog-  
Killer in One Man.

THE PUP HAD BEEN PUT AWAY.

Johnson Did It, Thomson Called Him  
Something, but Their "Tumult" Should  
Have Been Private—No Slander;  
Case Dismissed.

The case of Johnson vs. Thomson came up for trial before Justice of the Peace William Haywood, in the borough of Rutherford, N. J., at 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Court was held in the council room of the Town Hall, and all the wives of Rutherford had postponed supper to let the men attend the trial.

It was till daylight. Each ten minutes brought a fresh load of commuters in from

your own case just as well as any one else. What do you think?"

Philander Johnson scratched his head: "I dunno. I'll see if I can't find some body."

He left the room and silence fell upon the court. Thomson, red in the face and ill at ease, sat in the front row of the spectators. The lawyer was consulting a pile of legal volumes. The justice had pushed his spectacles to the top of his head and had closed his eyes, as if he were going to sleep. The girl across the street was still playing "The Maiden's Prayer." The court room was jammed and hot.

Far down the street the marshal's voice could plainly be heard, asking:

"Have you seen anything of Jack Strong?"

The justice's lips were moving, and with a sudden start he aroused himself, made a few notes and then subsided again.

"Have you seen anything of Jack Strong?"

"I couldn't get anybody," said Johnson, "so I guess I'll go ahead with the case myself."

The court room settled down to an expectant calm, and Philander Johnson, in the complicated capacity of plaintiff, marshal, dog killer, prosecuting attorney and chief witness, opened the case. He is tall, black bearded, lantern jawed, with eyes close together and the air of a reformer who was performing an unpleasant duty.

"Are you guilty?" he asked the defendant.

"Yes, are you guilty, I'm not guilty," asked Philander Johnson.

"Not guilty," replied the defendant.

his story, using great care in the selection of his words, and making a desperate effort to keep himself as prosecutor and witness—distinct from himself—as marshal and dog-catcher.

"On Sunday morning," he began, "as the marshal was walking along with my spouse on his shoulder's spade, that is I met Thomson. He asked the marshal if he'd been making another dog. No, he said, 'only fifty cents.' With that he asked the marshal why the devil I'd killed his dog. I told him I didn't know it was his dog, which is the truth, as I'm standing here, and he proceeds to call the marshal a—"

"The look of pious horror upon Philander Johnson's face as he repeated these words was too much for the audience, and they burst into a roar of laughter."

"As soon as the marshal got home," Johnson continued, "I wrote down the words he'd called me so that I shouldn't forget 'em."

Counsel for the defense solemnly arose and asked:

"You had a spade on your shoulder?"

"Yes," he replied.

"What had you been doing?"

"Burying a dog in the baseball grounds!"

Another burst of laughter filled the room and the justice, who had been listening to the story of Thomson's case, was called as a witness for Thomson. He was present during the occurrence, but his memory was so dim that he had forgotten the language that was used.

"Somebody said 'dam,' but—"

"Stop a minute! Stop a minute!" cried the justice. "Was many people passing at the time?"

"Thank you, that's all."

William P. Vogel, the only remaining witness, said:

"Johnson came up and spoke to Thomson, and they had a few words. Thomson said he'd seen Johnson full of bullets that day, and said it was a—"

"He said, 'Oh, he did? Oh, sure!'" snapped Johnson, sarcastically.

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"Did you see anybody getting annoyed?" asked the justice.

"No, except Johnson," answered the witness.

The justice gave a loud "ahem!" Then he opened his book, closed it again, took off his glasses, put them on again and rubbed his nose.

"I certainly am more than surprised," he said, "at all this fuss about a little matter and all the reporters here as if we'd had a big riot. But I have a few words to say."

"There should have been a place in the legal annals of this land, to sum up the case and lay down the law."

"I want you to understand," he said, "holding his finger in the air, 'that there has been too great a disposition to find fault with the marshal. A man in his position is sure to make enemies. Do not forget that we have been paying him \$25 a month to look after the dogs, and some people might feel a little sore when they find they have lost their dog. It would have been best, perhaps, if the dog master hadn't come into this at all, but I just offer it as a sort of preliminary."

"And I cannot help thinking that if there was more of this kind of thing approaching a tumult, it was between Mr. Thomson and Mr. Johnson, and if they were only having a quarrel between themselves, Mr. Johnson was as much to blame as Mr. Thomson. It seems to me it would have been far more discreet for the marshal to have gone about his business and let the two men fight it out."

"Ho-a-a-a-a-y! Hey-yay-yay-yay-yay!" yelled the crowd.

In the room was in confusion. The justice had gathered his books together and was pushing his way through the throng.

"Sally, Judge," cried Johnson. "Hey, Judge, Oh, Judge!"

"After supper, Marshal, after supper, more court and I've had my supper. I've waited long enough already."

Soon the court room was cleared of all save Philander Johnson. He did not think it discreet to venture upon the street with the crowd had dispersed. The girl across the street was still playing the "Maiden's Prayer."

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The Copeland Medical Institute.

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# WRITTEN IN THE WONDER OF RESULTS

The Now Generally Accepted Truth That the New Copeland Treatment Will Be the Treatment of the Future—No One Doubts It Who Has Noted the Marvellous, Steadily Increasing Record of Cures.

IT WILL BE THE TREATMENT OF FUTURE YEARS.

No one who has read any part of this increasing record of the wonder of results, no one who has witnessed in any part this increasing of sick people from distant cities to be cured by Doctor Copeland, no one who has read the published tributes of eminent physicians, doubts for a moment the truth of this saying:

The system Doctor Copeland in person instituted in the city of New York will be the treatment of the future.

The treatment that works such cures in deafness and bronchial disease alone, cures which physicians themselves acknowledge are no part of the practice of even the advanced specialists of the day, belongs to an era in medicine which has not yet dawned.

It belongs to that future era, when disease will be no longer an uncertain condition. When the doctor will say to his patient, "I can cure you," or "I cannot cure you," when dependent invalidism will no longer totter with uncertain footsteps from one healer to another healer; when the knowledge accredited by experience may say without criticism, "I cure these conditions, I cure them in every instance."

THE COPELAND PHYSICIANS

CURING THE DEAF.

Thomas Gordon, 512 East 11th street, city: "I was so deaf in both ears people had to shout at me in order to make me hear what they said. I held a watch tightly to each ear to find out how deaf I really was. I could not hear it, but I decided to go to the Copeland physicians. After I had been under treatment a short time, I held my watch to both ears and I could hear it tick plainly."

John J. Jennings, of New York, having published accounts of the Copeland physicians curing the deaf, has written and forwarded the following lines in commemoration of it:

Go ask them, and they will tell  
How happiness streams down thro' tears,  
When their loving voices fall  
Like music upon my ears.  
How I danced and reel'd with joy,  
And thank'd the God of bliss,  
When again my wife's "I love you"  
I heard as I felt her kiss.  
How I clasped the boy to my breast,  
And bless'd him and drank each word  
As he cried the prayer I taught him,  
And every word I heard;  
How the song of the chandelier,  
And the tick-tick of the clock,  
And the sounds of feet in the hall  
Sweet to my brain emotions  
That thrilled my senses all.  
And have I been ungrateful and glad  
That I have my love I found  
My way back from the Tomb of Silence  
Into the World of Sound.

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